

Valentine's Day by femmesteve

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Summary:

Another prompt from @BillysPrettyBoy on Tumblr! Come send me your own!: @FemmeSteve

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Author's Note:

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Come send me your own!: @FemmeSteve

It was Valentine's day, so of course Steve's parents had gone out that evening. He couldn't be more glad that they had. He and Billy had the whole house to themselves for a good two hours or so, and Steve was set on making the most of it.

Billy had brought a tape and was letting it play at full volume. Steve could hear the heavy guitar from where he was in the bathroom. He imagined Billy bopping around in his room to the music and smiled.

Steve gazed at himself in the mirror, massaging his lips together. They were coated in cherry red gloss that had been a gift from Billy and surely stolen from the gas station. He wore a red lingerie set, complete with a lacy camisole, underwear, stockings and garters. He had never worn garters before. They looked nice.

He reached hastily for the bottle of perfume that he had stolen from his mom, before applying it to his pulse points. With that, he was done. He stepped quietly out of the bathroom, inching towards his room where the music was the loudest.

Steve peeked in, finding Billy dancing as expected. He almost didn't want to interrupt. He stepped inside anyway, shutting the door behind him. The sound caught Billy's attention.

Steve bit his glossy lower lip, crossing his arms a bit bashfully.

"So... Van Halen?" He asked casually.

Billy gawked at the other boy, completely taken aback. Steve couldn't help the little grin that tugged up his lips. He was pleased.

"Get on the bed," Steve said, before doing so himself.

"Yes sir," Billy purred, joining Steve.

Billy's hands were on Steve immediately, sneaking under the camisole to stroke at bare skin. When they kissed it was sweet, and Steve brought Billy closer so he could enjoy it more. Their tongues slid together languidly, neither of them hurrying it.

Steve moved into Billy's lap, straddling him without ever disconnecting their lips. He moaned softly as Billy began to suck on his lower lip,

"Wanna feel it," Billy muttered after releasing Steve's lip, unbuttoning his jeans so he could pull his hardening cock out.

Steve nodded, licking his lips as he watched. Billy stroked himself a few times, before drawing Steve closer. Steve wound his arms around Billy's neck and brushed the front of his panties against Billy's cock.

"Like this?" Steve asked, beginning to grind himself against Billy.

Billy groaned and nodded, his hands coming to settle on Steve's hips.

"Yeah, just like that," Billy muttered, pressing his lips to Steve's jaw, "Feels good... You're so good.."

Steve reached down to adjust his cock inside of his panties, whining at the small touch. Billy mouthed at Steve's neck, grinding hard against Steve's covered erection.

"So pretty, baby, prettier than any girl," Billy said softly, kisses peppered between his words.

"Billy," Steve whined again, tilting his head to accommodate Billy's mouth on him.

"Want me to make you come in them? In your new panties?" Billy bit him softly, his eyebrows furrowing as he tried not to come, "Were they expensive?" He found himself asking.

"Yeah," Steve responded breathily, "I wanted them so bad though."

"God forbid you don't get what you want," Billy teased, biting him again.

Steve ignored him, moving so that he could stroke Billy's cock with his hand. He leaned over and spat on the head, before spreading it along the shaft. He began to jerk him at a quick pace, how he knew they both liked to be handled.

Billy moaned and leaned his head back against the headboard, his fingers hooking under the legs of Steve's lacy underwear. Billy covered Steve's hand with his own, slowing his pace down a bit.

"Wanna put it in your mouth? Do that for me?" Billy asked, his tone slightly needy.

Steve was moving down Billy's legs immediately, sitting between his legs so that he could suck Billy into his mouth. Billy's hands were on the back of his head immediately, not daring to push, but to stroke at Steve's hair.

"Fuuuck," Billy groaned out, watching Steve bob his head. He grasped Steve's hair in one hand and pulled slightly so that he would look up at him.

Billy cursed and bucked his hips, eyes never leaving Steve's. Steve had shoved a hand inside of his panties and was stroking himself fervently, lashes fluttering.

"God, your mouth. You're such a good little cocksucker," Billy praised, making Steve moan around his cock. He pulled Steve off of him by his hair, replacing Steve's mouth with his hand, "Open," He commanded, "Get ready for it. There you go, good boy,"

Billy jerked himself off, concentrated solely on Steve's big trusting eyes and wide open waiting mouth. Steve stuck his tongue out in preparation and Billy lost himself, coming hard with a groan. It splattered Steve's nose and mouth.

"Sorry, baby, sorry-" Billy wiped at Steve's nose with his fingers, his chest still heaving.

Steve licked his lips and swallowed, before pushing Billy's hands away. He used the corner of his bedspread to wipe the rest away. Billy was about to comment, when he saw the wet patch that covered

the front of Steve's panties.

"We've ruined them," Billy said with a sigh.

"I'll get some more," Steve said, pulling the garter belt down from around his waist.

Billy rolled his eyes, "Rich ass," He muttered.

Steve shrugged and continue to strip himself of the lingerie set, leaving it all in a pile. He began to unbutton Billy's shirt. Billy moved to help.

"Did you like it?" Steve asked as they were laying down for what they claimed was to be "a quick nap."

"Loved it," Billy muttered back, spooning up behind Steve.

"I'm glad." Steve replied, pulling Billy's arm tighter around himself